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SIMKIN REDIVIVUS TO SIMON.

SIMKIN REDIVIVUS TO SIMON:

A SATIRICAL AND POETICAL EPISTLE,

DESCRIBING

EDMUND BURKE's LETTER

TO

A NOBLE LORD

IN DEFENCE OF HIS

PENSION.

[COPIED FROM THE TELEGRAPH.]

——— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque ſecat res.

HORACE.

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PREFACE.

THE *following admirable*, jeu d'eſpirit *was firſt communicated to the publick through the beſt of all poſſible mediums—the medium of the* TELEGRAPH. *As a proof of its ſuperior merit (were ſuch a proof neceſſary) it might be mentioned that it had been eagerly copied by the* COURIER, *and other reſpectable prints. To reſcue it, however, from that oblivion to which the fleeting page of daily journals, even of the moſt reſpectable, is often liable, and to preſerve it in a ſhape more convenient for general reading, were motives ſufficiently ſtrong for publiſhing it in its preſent form.*

To

To the admirers of real humour and elegant ſatire, it muſt afford much ſatisfaction, that, the author of SIMPKIN *has again taken up the pen—again renewed his pleaſant verſification, and parodized the* ravings *of Burke. The ſevere caſtigation which the champion of the* Begums *received on the trial of Warren Haſtings will not be ſoon forgotten; and it will be found that the laſh under which he then ſmarted is here directed with equal ſucceſs againſt the ſublime and beautiful of his laſt eccentric effort.*

Perhaps no better mode could have been adopted for expoſing the extravagancies of an author poſſeſſed of a ſplendid but wild imagination, which rejects the ſober guidance of reaſon, and whoſe effuſions are unworthy of a ſerious refutation.

With a ſingular inconſiſtency Mr. Burke attacks the very ſyſtem he endeavours to ſupport.

The

The blow which in his anger he aims at an individual, falls with equal force on the whole body of the ariſtocracy.

Like the veteran, Maklin, *when he comes upon the ſtage he forgets, in his dotage, the part which was aſſigned him. It had been wiſer conduct had he too, like him, retired from the bar of the public before his early reputation was extinguiſhed. But intoxicated by his notions of chivalry he ſtill perſeveres. It is now full time he ſhould comply with the admonition of* HORACE—

" Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius æquo
Rideat et pulſet laſciva decentius ætas"

To this valedictory advice we ſhall only add, that as it has been recomemnded theſe verſes ſhould be bound up along with Mr. Burke's letter, it was thought proper to print them on a paper of a correſponding ſize.

SIMKIN REDIVIVUS

TO

SIMON, &c.

YOU ask me, dear SIMON, concerning the Work—
The recent production of Citizen BURKE.
You muſt know, that Lord LAUDERDALE happen'd to mention,
With ſome diſreſpect, the old Gentleman's penſion:
Whilſt the young Duke of BEDFORD aſk'd Lord *Grenville* why
He had rated the Citizen's ſervice ſo high?
This paſſ'd in the Senate—a day was propos'd
For his Penſion and ſervices being diſclos'd.

The amount of his Penſion, Four thouſand a year
From the Penſioner's Liſt, was ſufficiently clear,
But his MERITS and SERVICES do not appear;
And knowing his Lordſhip would never be able
To lay thoſe, with the Penſioners' Liſt, on the table:
An excellent method the Citizen took,
And collected his ſervices all in a Book—
In a manner ſarcaſtic, the Author complains
Of BEDFORDS, LAUDERDALES, PRIESTLEYS, and PAINES,
"The latter, with pamphlets, were wont to annoy me,
"But the former do totally want to deſtroy me,
"Leſt my ſkin, like JOHN ZISCAS, made into a drum,
"Should excite civil wars for whole ages to come."
Then, leaving JOHN ZISCAS, the French Revolution
Falls under his laſh, with the new Conſtitution.
"The Jacobines here, like the Jacobines there,
"Not the living, nor even dead, carcaſes ſpare,
"For making of bullets, unplumbing the dead,
"To ſhoot their antagoniſts right through the head;
"Even me, a poor Penſioner, ſcarcely alive,
"Of ſubſiſtence, theſe Jacobines try to deprive."

« Well then, ſince I am to ſupport my pretenſion,
And demonſtrate the right which I have to a penſion:
On my trial I mean to object, I aſſure ye,
To the Duke and the Earl being put on my jury:
And if, when I'm pleading my title before 'em,
I ſhould fail in reſpect, etiquette, or decorum,
That is—if, with freedom, I mention the name
Of either, it muſt not apply to the ſame
Duke or Earl, who have ſeats in the Council of Peers,
But the Duke and the Earl ſetting men by the ears,
Of Palace-Yard, Brentford, or ſuch ſort of place,
Where we now and then hear of his Earldom and Grace.
His Grace thinks my Penſion a great deal too much,
I anſwer—my ſervice and merit are ſuch,
No money, however enormous, can touch;
They are quantities infinite, boundleſs, immenſe,
Metaphyſical merits, not ſubject to ſenſe,
And not to be paid in pound, ſhillings and pence,
His Grace may, perhaps, well enough underſtand
Arithmetic's uſe in the ſetting of land;
But moral proportions, and ſuch ſort of learning,
Fall not in the ſcope of his Grace's diſcerning.

" But ſtop, and remember, whenever I mention
" That my merits are not overpaid by my Penſion,
" This is not the language I hold to the King—
" God forbid I ſhould do ſo imprudent a thing!
" In the preſence of *Majeſty* whining I fall,
" And acknowledge my merit is nothing at all;
" One ſtyle is to flatter a *kind benefactor*,
" Another to batter a DUCAL DETRACTOR."

Aud here I beg leave to digreſs for a while,
To remark on the Citizen's verſatile ſtyle;
High Prieſt, he ſtill lives, in the temple of fiction,
A paradox weaver in flat contradiction.
No lawyer ſo hard upon impudence draws,
As to alter his tone in the very ſame cauſe;
But the High Prieſt of Fiction not only allows it,
But makes it a merit, and boldly avows it:
To the Duke he affirms—to the King he denies,
The very ſame thing, without telling of lies.
Alas! my dear brother, there once was a time,
When falſhood was held a deteſtable crime.

Can EDMUND, deſcending faſt into the grave,
The goddeſs of Truth with hyperbole brave?
The vengeance of Nemeſis dare he provoke,
And hope to get rid of Old Nick by a joke?

Now let me return (for I muſt not defer it),
An abridgement to make of the veteran's merit.
It ſeems that the FIRST OF HIS MERITS began
Long before he ſat up for a PARLIAMENT MAN;
And in Seaſon the firſt he was Superintendant
Of Finance, and of all things on *Britain dependant:*
But he could not get forward for any great length,
Becauſe of his failure in vigour and ſtrength.
Oh, then, had the gods put an end to my life,
As they threatened to do, I had earn'd for MY WIFE
A *ſtipend* or *penſion* of ſuch valuation,
As ſurpaſſes the power of a DUKE's calculation.
But I truſt in this nation will ne'er be forgot,
How I peep'd into *Majeſty's oven* and pot;
What ſavings I made on the *Houſekeeper's book*,
By curtailing the Butler, the Baker and Cook:

" In the PAYMASTER'S OFFICE what change came to paſs,
" I can vouch the whole kingdom, or HARRY DUNDAS."
Next EDMUND alludes to ſome troubleſome times,
When his wiſdom prevented commiſſion of crimes.
It was ſomething he did, but I cannot tell what,
Perhaps he diſcovered, and ſtifled ſome plot—
I believe 'tis a ſecret that nobody knows,
And more than a Duke or an Earl can ſuppoſe.
Then he talk'd of this Globe having once been in danger
Of running againſt an eccentrical ranger—
A Comet, which then he proceeds to compare
With the new RIGHTS OF MAN, ſhaking war from its hair
'Twas then Inſurrection, ferocious and ſavage,
Ran away from the woods, with intention to ravage
The ſtreets and the ſquares in the name of REFORM
And threatened to take the whole kingdom by ſtorm;
And had it ſo happened, Great-Britain not France,
Would have led up the new democratic death dance.
" Lord NORTH, to be ſure, was a pleaſant good man,
" Who could neither give birth, nor effect, to a plan;

" So

"So he gave up the reins, and my friends took his ſeat—
"'Twas then I performed a miraculous feat:
"I do not affirm, that my country I ſaved;
"But if at that time I a penſion had craved,
"The Nation, in juſtice, was deeply my debtor,
"For nobody's title was ſtronger or better,"

Dear BROTHER, I've read, with the cloſeſt attention,
The liſt of BURKE's *merits*, which gain'd him the *penſion*,
And was greatly ſurpriz'd to find not the leaſt mention
Of ſome certain merits in my mind the ſtrongeſt,
And which Britain will feel, and remember the longeſt.
When the pleaſant Lord NORTH, in relief of GREAT-BRITAIN
Thought a tax on American property fitting:
Then EDMUND denying authority regal,
Maintained that reſiſting taxation was legal;
Long Speeches he uttered, in favour of freedom,
And printed, in hopes that whole Nations would read 'em—
By writing and ſpeaking 'gainſt every tranſaction,
He excited a general diſſatisfaction;

Of freedom licentious he laid the foundation,
And ſowed revolution in every Nation.
To him and his council America owes,
In conjunction with PAIN, all her comforts and woes;
And indeed, I have oft thought it cruelly hard,
That America never gave THEM a reward;
Ungrateful ſhe left PAINE in priſon to languiſh,
And BURKE to ſink with Want's preſſure and anguiſh.

AND FRANCE,

If ſhe view'd him (as I do) the primary cauſe
Of her triumphs o'er Monarchs, Religion, and Laws,
She would ſend him ſome *Milliasds of Aſſignats*
If BURKE be the forwardeſt, now to abuſe her---
Of rapine, and every crime to accuſe her,
If her doctrines and victories now he withſtands,
Her ingratitude merits ſtill worſe from his hands.

Another great merit I have to reveal,
Which the Veteran's modeſty bade him conceal—

allude to the eloquent ſpeech which he made,
n the way, to be ſure, of a partizan's trade;
One word will the whole to your memory bring,
burling is mentioned, I need not add——
But leſt, my dear Brother, my meaning ſhould miſs,
nd aſk, with a ſneer, where's the merit of this?
anſwer, in language preciſe and exact,
rue merit conſiſts in intention and act.
erhaps BURKE's intention was not over good,
t the act, in its conſequence well underſtood,
as productive of benefits great to the nation.—
afforded the King an occaſion to ſhow,
can pity and penſion an impotent foe!
the Church, as deſervedly being the head,
example, a Lecture on Charity read—
Princes and Kings of this earth, he has ſhown
at Mercy becomes them much more than a Throne.
To return to thoſe merits, which EDMUND contends,
ceed money's power to make him amends:
one which he looks on as greateſt of all,
ar moſt important, and loudeſt in call

For reward on the public, is that, whoſe ſucceſs
Is nothing, he ſays—ſo it could not be leſs.
It ſeems that he wreſtled for fourteen long years,
With Nabobs, Directors, with Commons and Peers—
Here again I muſt wander, and beg leave to ſay,
Does the citizen's modeſty lead him aſtray?
What tempts the great maſter ſucceſs to diſclaim?
What can be the hypocrite's meaning and aim?
Can he yet be to learn what advantages ſprung
From his gall-dropping pen, and his venomous tongue?
Is not HASTINGS acquitted of all miſdemeanour?
And characters many made whiter and cleaner—
Whilſt the Nobles of JUSTICE, the advocates hearty,
Roſe ſuperior to prejudice, paſſion, and party?
Did not *Weſtminſter-Hall* afford mirth to the town?
Did not JOSEPH acquire everlaſting renown?
Has not eloquence riſen to eminence higher,
Than *Minerva*, in Athens, or Rome could inſpire?
Has not EDMUND himſelf beat DEMOSTHENES hollow,
With Hortenſius and Tully, the ſons of Apollo,
And inſtructed his friends the example to follow?

Exten

Extending thereby oratorical powers,
To a ſpeech of two weeks—in the place of two hours.
Did not SIMKIN divert his relations in Wales,
By reciting Prince Cantemar's amorous tales:
Whoſe mother, a lady of breeding and candour,
Was according to BURKE, her ſon's principal Pandar?
Is not HARRY DUNDAS the life, body and ſoul,
Of *Leadenhall-ſtreet* and the *Board of Controul?*
Advantages more of unbounded extenſion,
Might be urged in ſupport of the Citizen's Penſion.
Four Thouſand a year! to be ſure it ſounds large,
'Tis a trifle however for PITT to diſcharge,
By whom we have ſeen ſuch oeconomy ſhown;
In making, dividing aand ſharing the Loan.
But if BURKE had not earned his allowance long ſince,
His arguments new could not fail to convince,
The Treaſury Board of his talents and uſe,
For they prove that extravagance is not abuſe,
And œconomy means being vaſtly profuſe!

" It is not the quantity cauſes the waſte,
" But the object of bounty not choſen with taſte;
" It may properly ſtagger weak juvenile ſenſe,
" To hear of œconomy's meaning expence.]
" A diſtributive virtue, permit me to ſay,
" That conſiſts, not in hoarding but throwing away;
" It ſhuts up one door to the impudent ſpirit,
" And opens another to indigent merit;
" No State has yet ſuffered in any degree,
" By rewarding profuſely ſuch ſervants as me.
" Had œconomy formerly reign'd in this iſle.
" We had ne'er been oppreſt with the overgrown ſtile.
" Of this haughty young Duke, who would lop of my penſio
" Becauſe it ſurpaſſes his ſmall comprehenſion
" But of all the good things which I ever have done
" Deſerving of pay, tho' the Duke allows none,
" I will venture to call to his memory one.
" That of all men in Englad he ſhould take the lead,
" And be foremoſt in granting my labour its meed.
" I---I myſelf----I have erected a prop,
" To that prejudice which keeps his Grace at the top;

" T

« That prejudice antient, that vulgar opinion,
« That buoys up his title, his wealth and dominion;
« That prejudice old, by which young Lords inherit,
« A family rank, without family merit.

BURKE's table of merits, the laſt time I read,
A notion came ſuddenly into my head:
That whereas all his merits are merely *ideal*,
And not to be valu'd in ſubſtances real.
For England 'twould be an adviſable thing,
To humbly addreſs and petition the King,
That PYE* might be order'd to ſing in his praiſe,
An *ad libitum* number of high-ſounding lays;
That BURKE have a choice of poetic applauſe,
Or of Pentonville counterfeit French aſſignats.
I have only one doubt, and the queſtion is, whether
It might not be ſafeſt to give both together;
Suſceptible both of external extenſion.
Giving *infinite merit* on *infinite penſion*.
Should the ſubject again by the Lords be diſcuſt,
As, if Lord GRENVILLE lives, it undoubtedly muſt,

* The preſent Poet Laureat.

I hope that the Duke or the Earl will ſubmit,
My excellent plan to the judgment of PITT.
I have heard that the man who ſucceſsfully racks
His brain to diſcover a POSSIBLE tax,
Receives a reward in apportionate meaſure,
To the tax's ſucceſs, and production of treaſure.
I then have a claim for a much ſtronger reaſon,
Having found out a way at this difficult ſeaſon;
(And ſurely the times were ne'er harder or worſe)
To pay *infinite* debts without draining the purſe.
When BURKE had completed his liſt of pretenſions,
His poſitive right to the beſt earn'd of penſions,
He ſhows a faint glmpſe of what would have been done,
Had Providence pleaſed to have ſpar'd him his ſon;
On whoſe poſſible merits does EDMUND inſiſt,
Extending ſtill more the long laudable liſt,
In HIM all perfection appears to have died;
A loſs to this kingdom that can't be ſupply'd.
Next EDMUND comparing himſelf to an oak,
Torn up by the wind, or a thunderbolt's ſtroke,

Aſſum

ſſumes to himſelf all the patience of Job;
Vho winc'd, notwithſtanding, at feeiing the probe;
Vho kicked at his comforters' gentle rebuke,
s EDMUND now, does at the Earl and the Duke.
f honour and fame then, he ſettles the rate,
Vhich are not worth one peck of black chicken's wheat:
reating all the vain things of this world with contempt,
ur thouſand dear mopuſſes only exempt.

Having proved his own merit and ſervice were ſuch
s could never be paid or rewarded too much:
y way of a contraſt two pictures he drew—
ne a Penſioner old—one a Penſioner new;
ne exhibits a man with infirmities wrung,
Vith a bag full of venom affixed to his tongue—
s perſon is old, but his Penſion is young;
he other a very young Nobleman fills,
Vith a monſtrous huge Penſion as old as the hills,
Vhoſe anceſtors aided the Royal Reformer
f the Catholic Church, that impetuous ſtormer

Of

Of Monaſtries, Abbeys, of Convents and Cells,
Where FRAUD, with her ſiſter HYPOCRISY, dwells.
This Monarch, you know, laid his paws on the wealth,
Which the Church had obtain'd by trick, rapine, and ſtealth,
That Church, that banditti of ſhameleſs deceivers,
Who ſold divine mercy to wicked believers—
Who ſold the beſt bidder a corner in Heaven,
As the Boroughs in Cornwall ſell ſeats in St. Stephen.

Forgive me, dear brother, this is not the way
In which EDMUND ſpeaks of the Church of that day;
For I find, on his ſtating the funds of theſe Penſions
Which differ ſo widely in age and dimenſions,
That the old man's ariſes from charity regal—
The young man's from ſentences wickedly legal,
Pronounc'd on a body of ſanctified fellows,
Who redeem'd, with their riches, their necks from the gallows.
The old man is paid by the labours of *Swine*,
The young man by ſacrilege, plunder divine.
When the *Lyon* had ſuck'd out the blood from his prey,
BURKE tells us he threw the dead carcaſe away

To his *Jackall* in waiting, who reliſh'd the ſtuff,
GORGED HIS STOMACH WITH FLESH—BUT HAD
NEVER ENOUGH.

In this manner BURKE kicks Ariſtocracy down
And vilifies thus the old grants of the Crown.
In anger a Samſon, in blindneſs the ſame,
He pulls down the temple of honour and fame:
His Penſion deep wounded, reſentment aroſe
To bury in dirt both his friends and his foes.
Now changing the ſimilie, Bedford we view
Like Homer, aſleep, in an attitude new;
Then ſhifting the ſcene, we behold with ſurpriſe,
LEVIATHAN Duke of incredible ſize,
Unweildly of bulk, and of floundering motion,
He frolics and plays in th' unlimited ocean
Of munificence royal, though many roods floating,
He is ſtill but a creature of HARRY's promoting.
His ribs and his fins, nay his blubber and bone,
His ſpiracles too, are the gift of the Throne;
Thoſe ſpiracles ſpouting a torrent of brine,
Which ſpatter with ſlime, his foundation and mine.

Then EDMUND proceeds with ſuppoſing a caſe
Comparing his merits with thoſe of his Grace.
" As well might arithmetic ſet about counting
" The ratio an emmet-hill bears to a mountain,
" As to fix the proportion his ſervices real
" Maintain to my labours and merits IDEAL.
" 'Twould be ſhowing a mean or ironical ſpirit
" If I granted his Grace an IOTA of merit.
" His merits derivative, mine are my own,
" Such as were not, and will not, in future be ſhown.
" For my part I labour'd prodigiouſly hard,
" For many long years ere I got my reward;
" But his Grace has been paid his reward in advance,
" From ingratitude ſafe, and not truſting to chance;
" And long may he keep the reward he has got,
" Whether ever he did any ſervice or not.
" But let him take care how he places reliance
" On his Jacobin friends who ſet law at defiance,
" Who look on preſcription and ancient poſſeſſion,
" As arts of injuſtice and moral tranſgreſſion;
" Who will laugh when he brings out his muſty old ſacks,
" Full of Patents and Grants, NAMELY parchments and wa

"In the flames all the lumber and titles will fall,
"To the tune of CA IRA in EQUALITY Hall.
"Already the geographer fixes his eye,
"On his Grace's domain with intention to try,
"How nice he can ſections and biſections draw,
"And bring into uſe the Agrarian law.
"The Chymiſt his palaces ſtedfaſtly viewing,
"Longs to ſee Bedford Houſe, and the Abbey in ruin;
"He reckons what nitre perhaps may be found,
"And how many more houſes'twill bring to the ground;
"For there's nothing like gunpowder made from a wall,
"To make the chateaus of Ariſtocrates fall.
"While the Sans Culotte butchers are dotting his hide,
"And tracing the lines where they mean to divide
"His carcaſe to *briſkets*, to *rumps* and *ſirloins*,
"And to all ſorts of CUTS for all ſorts of deſigns;
"The Engliſh LEGENDRE juſt ready to bawl
"Good GOD! how he tallows in kidney and caul.
"The Duke with his calipers, takes the dimenſion
"Of my merits and ſervice, of me and my penſion.
"Is this the reward that nobility render
"To me, who ſtands up the redoubted defender

'Of privilege, prejudice, cuſtom and error,
" And ſpread among Kings conſternation and terror?"
Dear brother, with care I've endeavour'd to trace,
And hunt out BURKE's merit in every caſe;
And yet notwithſtanding the beſt I could do,
I have ſome how or other, forgot one or two.
You muſt know that when DUNNING and BARRE obtain'd
A title and penſions, BURKE never complain'd
At being paſs'd over, though probably vext,
But he hoped that his turn to be ſerved would come next.
SOME merit they had, he is free to confeſs,
But as to duration, and quantity, leſs
By many degrees than himſelf did poſſeſs.
This merit of BURKE's is like that of the Devil,
Who might have been cruel, but choſe to be civil;
What remains of BURKE's book is a ſpecies of lecture,
With nothing worth notice, except a conjecture
Concerning the thoughts of Lord KEPPEL perchance,
Had he witneſſed the late Revolution in France;
But as this is no more than a bare ſuppoſition,
I will not tire you with a dull repetition:

I have only to add, that another production
Is daily expected, to prove that DESTRUCTION
Of the creatures of God, does in fact mean SALVATION,
And that PEACE muſt infalliably ruin the nation.
Perhaps, if hereafter I've ſpirits and leiſure,
I may try to reduce his farrago to meaſure.

THE END.